

A script from



“It’s a Wonderful Fruitcake”

by
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What A family receives their yearly fruitcake from a dear-old aunt, but never opens them. This year they discover they’ve been missing the real gift. (Themes: Christmas, Receiving the gift of Jesus, Thankfulness, Second Chances)

Who Teenage daughter
Mom
Dad
UPS Man

When Christmas Eve

**Wear
(Props)** Living room-couch
TV
UPS box
Note with check
Fruitcake tin
UPS uniform

Why John 3:16

How It’s Christmas, so energy should be high! There is a lot of “family teasing” that is good-natured, so everyone should feel comfortable with each other.

Time Approximately 5-7 minutes

A family gathers in a living room, preparing to watch "It's a Wonderful Life" on Christmas Eve. Tom, the father, sits in an easy chair and searches for the remote.

- Tom:** (*Pointing the remote at the TV to turn it on*) Ellen! Lily! Come on, you two! You're gonna miss the beginning. That sets up the whole movie!
- Lily:** (*Lily, the daughter, enters and sits on the couch*) Come on, Dad. We've seen "It's a Wonderful Life" about three hundred times.
- Ellen:** (*Ellen, the mom, enters and stands in the doorway*) Oh, Lily, just humor him. You know this is your daddy's favorite Christmas movie. You know how he is ...
- Lily:** Yeah. Wacko.
- Ellen:** (*Laughs*) Certifiable. So ... you two want something to drink?
- Tom:** Something hot.
- Lily:** (*Simultaneously with Tom*) Something cold.
- Ellen:** (*About to exit to the kitchen, we hear a knock at the front door*) How 'bout I just bring you both something lukewarm. But, hang on. Somebody's at the door. (*She exits*)
- Tom:** (*Calling out after her*) If it's carolers, tell 'em we're busy.
- Lily:** Dad ... what's the big deal with this movie?
- Tom:** Lily, there are two classic movies of all time: "Gidget Goes Hawaiian" and "It's a Wonderful Life". This is a movie about second chances. Everybody wants a second chance. You're just a child. You wouldn't understand. Just trust me. This is a classic - Frank Capra at his finest
- Ellen:** (*Re-entering quickly, dragging the UPS man behind her*) Hey, you guys, look who I found! Santa...in his brown outfit.
- Tom:** Man alive, they've got you guys out working Christmas Eve?!
- UPS:** (*He is somewhat simple, and very happy-go-lucky*) Afraid so. But I am happy to announce that you folks are my last delivery. I am done for the night and done for the season!
- Tom:** Congratulations! How about something luke-warm to drink?
- UPS:** Well...I'm not really supposed to. But hey, if I go back to the warehouse, they'll probably just load me back up again. And I've already put in about seven thousand hours of overtime...so...why not?

- Tom:** Great. Cider?
- UPS:** Sure.
- Tom:** Ellen, add a lukewarm cider to those drinks.
- Ellen:** Hold your horses, Pal. I want to see what we've got here.
- Lily:** Maybe it's that pony you've been promising me all these years.
- Tom:** Yeah, right.
- Ellen:** I hope it's all those Lands End things I ordered. If it's not, it's gonna be a slim Christmas for you two.
- Tom:** *(As an aside to Lily)* Just what we want, Lilmore flannel.
- Ellen:** *(To the UPS guy)* Okay, where's the goodies?
- UPS:** Oh, yeah, I almost forgot - your package. And you've gotta sign for it.
- Tom:** *(As Ellen signs for the package)* That's it?
- UPS:** *(Hands it to Tom)* Yep. And from the weight of it, I'd say it's a fruitcake.
- Tom:** *(Picks it up and reads the return address)* Ellen, your Aunt Edna sent us the usual.
- Lily:** *(Disgusted)* Great. No pony. Just another doorstep.
- Tom:** *(To the UPS man in disgust)* My wife's Aunt Edna is this eccentric old widow who owns, believe it or not, a fruitcake factory ---
- Ellen:** --- AND, half of downtown Tampa, Florida.
- UPS:** Really?
- Tom:** Yeah. She's like this grey-haired real estate shark. Loaded to the gills. But, every year for Christmas she sends us ... a fruitcake.
- Ellen:** And that's ALL she sends us. A fruitcake.
- UPS:** Well, she must be doing well, because we sure deliver a lot of these things every year.
- Tom:** Well, we've certainly received our fair share.
- Ellen:** Every year for the last fifteen years. A fruitcake from Aunt Edna. Fifteen fruitcakes.

Tom: We opened the package the first year and saw what it was. There was no card. No note. Nothing. Just the tin of fruitcake. Of course we didn't open the tin. I mean, why bother?

Ellen: After that first year we didn't even bother to open the box. I just stacked 'em in the attic just in case somebody came over who wanted a few hundred slices of fruitcake. Of course, that never happens. The boxes just sit up there in the attic.

Tom: (*To Ellen*) Well, actually, not anymore. Last week I finally cleaned out the attic like you've been asking me to do.

Ellen: I say good riddance. Who in their right mind eats fruitcake, anyway?

UPS: (*Happily*) I do! I love fruitcake.

Ellen: (*She can't believe this*) No?!

UPS: Yeah, really. I love it.

Tom: Well, Pal. (*Hands him the fruitcake*) You just got yourself a Christmas bonus!

UPS: I'd love it, but I can't take this. I'd get in big trouble for taking an unopened package.

Tom: Well, there's one way to solve that. (*Pulling out his pocket knife and cutting open the box*) We'll open it.

UPS: Well, actually, I'm not even allowed to do that. I guess you could open the fruitcake tin and cut me a slice. I guess that'd be alright.

Tom: You got it! I'll cut you ten slices!

UPS: Wow! What a way to end the season. Luke-warm cider and all the fruitcake I can eat!

Tom: (*He opens the fruitcake tin*) Hey ... there's an envelope in here. (*He opens the envelope, pulls out a card, and a check flutters to the coffee table. He reads the card.*) "Dear Ellen and Tom, here's your usual wonderful Christmas fruitcake. The IRS is after some estate taxes and my accountant has told me to cut back a bit, so I'm sorry your check is a bit smaller this year. Love to you all. Aunt Edna"

Ellen: Check? What check?

Tom: (*Picking up the check from the coffee table*) This check.

Ellen: She sent a check?